BREAMERS CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE PART



INSURED FOR MURDER - PRISON BREAK.

DEATH IN DICE - COP KILLER.







I'LL JUST THROW HER BODY
OUT RIGHT HERE. BUT FIRST
I'LL TAKE THAT HAIR SHE
PULLED FROM MY HEAD OUT
OF HER HAND. HOPE IT
DOESN'T SHOW TOO MUCH
WITH THIS HAIRCUT I JUST
GOT. I'VE GOTTA BE CAREFUL... NO CLUES...









A CRIMINAL ALWAYS SUPS UP SOMEWHERE, HECHTS. SOME OF THE VERY SMALL CLIPPINGS THAT ARE LEFT ON A MAN'S HEAD AFTER A HAIRCUT WERE LODGED UNDER IRENE'S FINGERNAILS. AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW, MATCHING HAIR IS AS POSITIVE AS A FINGER-PRINT! COMING ALONG, HECHTS?



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LAWBREAKERS The syndicate had moved into the city... and with it's coming crime went into high gear. The numbers racket, lotteries and a multitude of petty confidence games to fleege the people of one or two dollars at a time added up to thousands in the pockets of criminal chiefs. Usually careful to avoid unnecessary violence the syndicate violated it's cwn rules when detective larry rhemy of the rackets squad was murdered... A SERGEANT FORCE THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU COPPER!

CAMPBELL















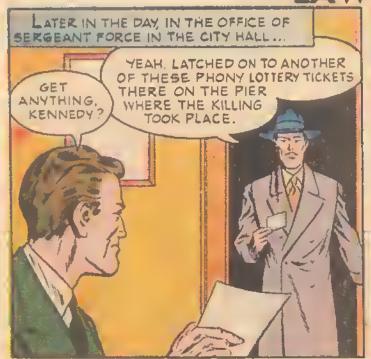










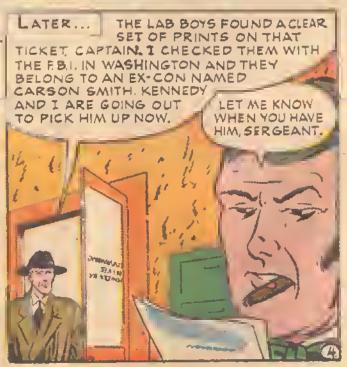






















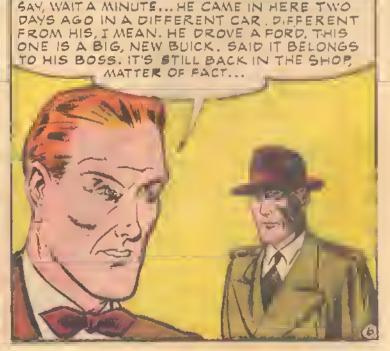






















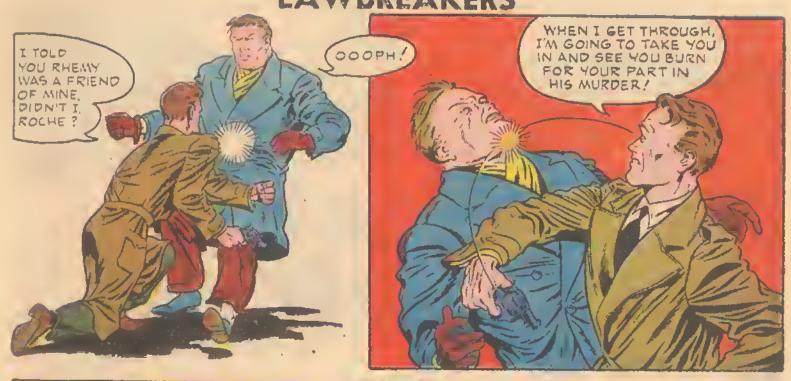




















HAVING TAKEN TWO SELF - SERVICE
ELEVATORS DOWNSTAIRS, SIMMONS REACHES
THE LOBBY FIRST AND WAITS FOR THE OFFICER...











PRISON BREAK



IM RABE, JOHN CARLIN, AND LOU GARAL HAD PLANNED THIS PRISON BREAK FOR MONTHS. THEY FIGURED ON EVERYTHING BUT A CLEVER WARDEN WHO COULD LOOK AHEAD AND KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN TROUBLE BROKE OUT.



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS WOODEN PISTOL. ONCE I BEEN PLANNING THIS FOR MONTHS. YOU SURE ARE ONE SMART COOKIE.

























ALL WE GOT HERE ARE TWO SUBMACHINE GUNS AND ONE REVOLVER. THEY MUST HAVE MOVED THE REST OF THE STUFF.

THIS WARDEN
IS NO DOPE. HE
MUST HAVE
FIGURED SOME
DAY THERE WOULD
BE A BREAK AND
THE FIRST PLACE
THEY WOULD HEAD
FOR IS THE ARMORY.
C'MON.WE'LL GET

,-0€



LET'S FIND THE WARDEN AN' FORCE HIM TO GET US OUT OF HERE WITHOUT SHOOTING. SURE ... DON'T
HARM HIM!
HE'LL ONLY BE
WORTH SOMETHING
TO US ALIVE!



HEY WHAT'S
UP ? YOU'RE
PRISONERS. I
KNOW THE THREE
OF YOU.

WE DON'T LIKE
THE ATMOSPHERE
HERE.













AND SO OPERATION W WAS PUT

WE GOT YOUR

BELIEVE ME, IF





















Jack Baller was impatient as he sat at a table in Mike's diner on highway 23a. The thin tall gangster hated to be kept waiting especially when money was the objective. Then his keen ears heard a horn blow two blasts, pause momentarily, and then repeat the signal. He paid his check and left the diner. On the opposite side of the road a blue sedan was parked. The door swung open and a friendly voice called to him.

"Hop in Jack. The sooner we get started the better. Sorry for the delay. A trucker ran into a delivery wagon at the crossing and we were held up for fifteen minutes."

Jack said nothing in reply to his friend Oscar Rees. He noticed the third man in the car. A middle aged slightly balding man who looked the picture of respectability. Jack needed no introduction to realize he was looking at Herbert J. Krandly one of the best brains in the business when it came to figuring out a hold up. Jack sat next to Krandly in the hack of the car while his friend remained at the wheel.

"Am I correct in assuming you know all the octails of our little business proposition," asked Krandly as though he were merely inquiring as to prices and terms of a legitimate deal.

"You can count me in nn this deal provided you give me one thousand dollars now. My brother is serving a ten to twenty year stretch in the pen. He comes up next month for a hearing before the board. I can hire a good mouthpiece to help my kid brother. Want to see the clipping?"

Krandly shook his head in the negative. He placed his hand inside his coat pocket and it came out with a thick wallet He opened it and handed Jack Baller ten one hundred dollar bills.

"It makes me feel a lot safer on a job like the one I contemplate to know I have two good trigger men with me. We will drive to my summer place and I will show you the detailed plans."

Two hours later three men were carefully examining a floor plan of the large office of Whitely and Benson, security dealers. As though he were an architect, Jack Baller minutely scrutinized every mark on that sheet of paper.

"Three of us ought to be able to handle this deal," he commented. "But it means we can't wear masks. We have to mingle with the people and then go for that security and cash bag. Within a few hours they will have our mugs on every wanted notice in the country. It means farewell to this place for keeps."

Krandly had the answer ready on the tip of his tongue for that observation He had planned a long time for this biggest deal of his entire crooked career.

"The unregistered certificates and the cash will amount to about one hundred thousand dollars for each of us. Outside of town I have my plane. We are headed for a certain country where there is no extradition treaty. And we can live like kings down there with plenty of pretty senoritas to keep us company. There can be no slip up on this deal. We will need two cars. One for the getaway and the other to change into once we are headed towards the airfield. Tomorrow you and Oscar are going to pay a visit to the office of Whitely and Benson so as to get an exact visual picture of the layout."

The young man at the reception desk might have been about twenty three. His wavy brown hair and black eyes gave him a very friendly appearance especially when he smiled. The metal marker on the desk read: "Howard T. Pease"

He had been at work only a week and the payroll listed him as a receptionist. He arose from his desk as Jack and Oscar entered the large office.

"Is there any thing I can do for you gentlemen," he asked in his best college voice.

"Yes," snapped hack Jack who had been carefully coached as to what he was to reply. "I want to get one of those books you issue for small investors."

Hoard Pease led the two men across the room to a cage. The man behind the cage then handed Jack the book he wanted. Howard Pease returned to his desk. Jack and Oscar quickly took in every detail of the office. Krandly had done a perfect job with that paper survey

"This will be a cinch," whispered Jack to his buddy. "They got one armed guard by that water cooler. If he makes a break for his gun then we got to start shooting. And Heaven help anyone who wants to get in our way and act the hero part"

Krandly was listening to some operatic records when his two partners entered the large living room of his summer place. He placed his finger on his lips and they had to wait until the song was finished.

"Gentlemen," he said," I assume you have made the visit. Now let us go out to my back-yard and target range. I have been very fortunate in being able to buy three automatic machine gun pistols. It is necessary that you each familiarize yourself with the mechanism of this type of gun. Never shoot unless you must and then be certain to kill your human target. Otherwise if he be armed then you may end up in the morgue."

For the next two days Jack and Oscar engaged in target practice. It was evident that Krandly was satisfied with their progress for he continued to listen to his records and the shooting in no way bothered him. But there was something on Jack's mind and he spilled it to his buddy.

"There is no reason why this had to be a three way split. What Krandly doesn't know is that I can pilot a plane. When we get up into the air I think we can land with only the two of us at our destination."

And as Krandly listened to the recording of La Boheme he was mentally figuring out how he could eliminate his two partners in crime. Then he could have a plastic surgery job done on his face and return to the States.

The big moment had arrived. The car was

parked outside the office building and the three men left it there with but one glance as they each carried a leather briefcase. The case was so constructed that it would open sideways and the machine gun pistol it concealed could be swung into deadly action.

As they entered the office of Whitely and Benson their arrival was so perfectly timed they could see the messenger go to the window for his bag. The clerk handled it to him with a joke he always used.

"Boy if you should decide to run away with this I guess you could live on some South Sea isle for the rest of your life."

"This is a stickup," announced Krandly as the three weapons were uncovered. "If you want to die brave just move. And if anyone goes for that burglar alarm I'll spray everyone in here with lead."

The guard went for the gun in his holster and Jack swung around to riddle him with lead. There were five shots and no more. Oscar and Krandly went down in a heap and were dead before they struck the floor. They never knew what hit them. Jack had two bullets in him and twenty minutes later he was being rushed to the Mercy Hospital for an emergency operation.

Dr. Herman Randoper had tried his best to save the patient. He raised five fingers so that Captain LeRoy of Homicide would know that was how many minutes more the man had to live.

"Can you hear me?" asked the officer, "Do you want to tell me anything before you die?"

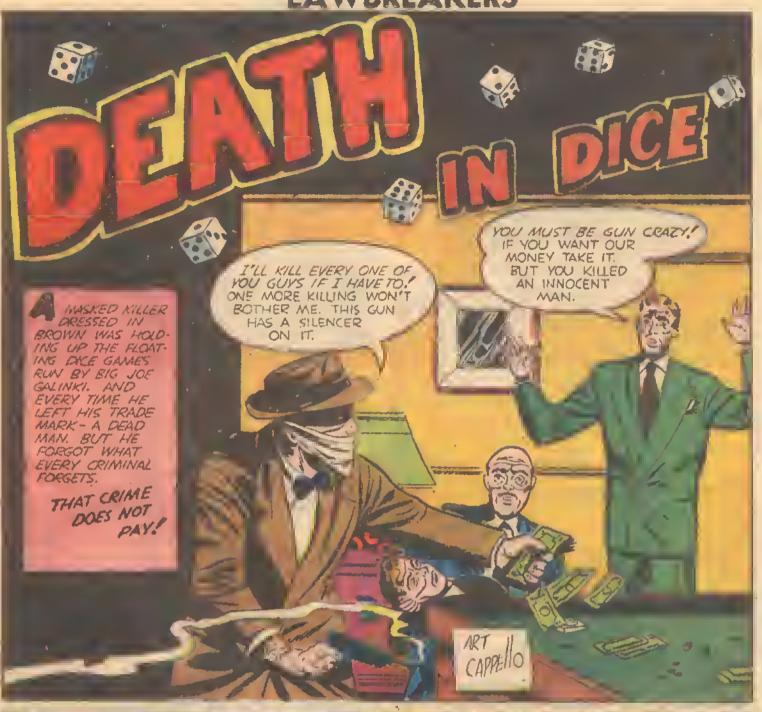
There was a shudder nn the bed and Jack went to join his other two friends in the Great Unknown.

"Queerest case I have seen in my entire career on the force," commented Captain LeRoy. "We found a clipping in Baller's wallet. About his younger brother who was coming up for his parole. But it is evident that he never read what was on the other side of the clipping. So you can look at it, Doc, and turn over to Death.

Grimly the surgeon took the clipping, noticed what was said about the parole and then turned over and read aloud the following:

"Howard T. Pease joins Investment Company. Crack pistol shot had no comment when asked if he will carry his two famous .38 specials. Although he has heretofore used his marksmanship exclusively in sport, it is considered likely that he will keep them handy in view of the large sums of cash and securities handled by the firm."

—THE END-





MIKE REEMY WAS ONE OF BIG JOE'S STOOGES.

DROP ME OFF AT THE HOTEL AND THEN CALL FOR ME AT ABOUT TWO THIRTY IN THE MORNING. IF I WANT YOU EARLIER I'LL PHONE YOU.

I'LL BE OVER AT TIM'S TAVERN AND YOU CAN GET ME THERE ANY TIME

















LUCKY THING THIS IS

A SELF SO EVICE ELEVATOR.

AS SOON AS YOU GIVE

ME' THE WORD, I'LL

LET GO OF THE DOOR.

OK. I CAN HANDLE

THINGS MYSELF NOW.

YOU AND THE REST

OF THE BOYS GET

OUT OF HERE IN

A HURRY.



























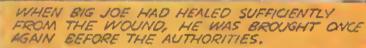












EVERYTHING I WAS DOING WAS FOR THE KID. I LIVED FOR HIM. I WAS GOING TO GIVE HIM A GOOD START IN LIFE.



I'M A GAMBLER, NOT A MURDERER... I'LL DO EVERYTHING TO HELP GET MY BROTHER'S I AM CONVINCED THE KILLER KNOWS EVERY STEP YOU MAKE, YOU MUST COOPERATE WITH THE POLICE. KILLER











YOU WON'T HAVE TO CALL FOR ME. I'LL TAKE, A CAB TO THE OFFICE AND STAY THERE ALL NIGHT, I'M EXPECTING A PHONE CALL FROM THE COAST.

O.K. BOSS, HOPE THIS WILL BE YOUR LUCKY NIGHT.























OHN BROUGH NEEDED MONEY DESPERATELY. HE AND HIS WIFE RITA, PLANNED WHAT LOOKED LIKE A PERFECT CRIME OF MURDER AND ARSON. THEY WERE CLEVER BUT THEY DIDN'T FIGURE THE LAW WAS CLEVER, TOO!

JOHN BROUGH WAS RUNNING OUT OF EXCUSES...

I EXPECT A LARGE SUM.
OF MONEY TO ARRIVE
FROM ABROAD. I HAVE
JUST SOLD THE RIGHTS
TO MY CHEMICAL CLEANER. UNLESS YOU PAY THIS BILL BY NEXT WEEK, I WILL ADVISE MY ATTORNEY TO START PROCEEDINGS TO HAVE YOU WILL BE PAID YOU DECLARED





























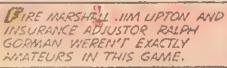
















ACCORDING TO YOUR REPORT JOHN BROUGH HAD ALMOST A PERFECT SET OF TEETH ONLY HIS LOWER. SECOND BICUSPID TOOTH WAS MISSING

I WILL CALL UP DR. PETERSON AND TELL HIM
TO MEET US
AT THE MORGUE HE WILL TAKE FOR US.





OUR NEXT VISIT MR. BROUGH'S DENTIST IT MIGHT TAKE TAKE TO LOCATE HIM



MAN TO PASS OFF THE BODY DEVELOPED FOR YOU SHORTLY. LOOKS LIKE AS HIS HE HAD TO DO ONE D. He IMPORTANT BUT IT MIGHT THING, PULL OUT THAT TOOTH UNLESS IT WAS MISSING, AND THAT WOULD BE SOME COINCIDENCE!







NO USE CRYING. HE'S DEAD!

SAVE SOME OF





HE WAS MY

HUSBAND





ON APPEST THE

THE THIEF-FORGER EVENTUALLY BETRAYS HIMSELF WHEN HE PASSES A CHECK IN A STORE, THE CLERK GIVES HIS DESCRIPTION TO SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, IF THE EXTENSIVE HAND-WRITING FILE OF THE SECRET SERVICE FIELD OFFICE FAILS TO IDENT-IFY THE CRIMINAL THE HANDWRITING IS CHECKED AGAINST THE ENORMOUS MASTER FILES OF HANDWRITING IN WASHINGTON.

ON ARREST THE
SUSPECT IS GIVEN
A HANDWRITING
TEST. WHEN THE
CASE GOES TO TRIAL
HANDWRITING
EXPERTS FROM THE
TREASURY DEPARTMENT EXHIBIT
ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE
SAMPLES AND POINT
OUT TO THE JURY
THE OBVIOUS
RESEMBLANCES
AND THE LOWEST FORM OF
THIEF IS
SENTENCED.

EVERY ROMANCE HAS PITFALLS. AVOID

DVSAPPOINTMENT, HEARTBREAK, SAVE YOURSELF

LOTS OF TRAGEDY. DON'T BE A FAUX PAS. FOR

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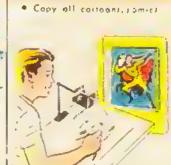
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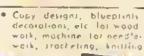
















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